

Mustapha's Adoration

OF THE

SUBLIME SULTAN.

Pittander Omnipotent

PART I.

WHEN the morning wakes, I go forth to find thee; when the light of evening fades, I trace thy steps, THOU GREAT AND SUBLIME PITTANDER! for I am thy slave, and I will worship thee for ever.

THOU GIVER OF ALL GOOD THINGS, I adore thy Mightiness!

Thou sayest to mankind, go forth and die, and lo! thou art obeyed; at thy voice the world shall become a desert.

Thy forehead smiteth the skies, and the earth is the footstool of thy pride; thy breath is desolation, and thy frown despair; the treasures of the globe are at thy disposal, and thou givest them to thy creatures.

Though the Low and the LABORIOUS execrate thy name, though the POOR speak of thee in anguish and in tears, yet the PRINCES of the world are glad of thee, the NOBLES of all lands sing Hallelujah's to thy greatness.

Oh! who shall abide thy wrathful indignation? All who contend against thee shall drink of the cup of the fierceness of thy rage.

Thou sendest out armies conquering and to conquer, and when they are discomfited thou becomest exceeding wroth, and orderest forth others to be again destroyed; for thy power and thy glory are without end.

THY PALACE is built upon a rock, it is built upon a Treasury, it defiest the wind and the tempests, and the mighty wind; for its walls are of adamant, and its chambers are of gold, and its grand halls are of porphyry and fine gold, and precious stones. It is called the PALACE of DOWNING at this day.

THE MERCHANTS of thy great City, whose riches overflow like the waters of the NILE, make offerings unto thee; they bring thee wealth from TYRE and from SYDON, from the EAST and from the WEST, which thou deignest to receive at their hands, then thou commandest thy People to repay them with the sweat of their brow to all ages,—so excellent is thy loving kindness towards them.

Yet the poor shall come forward in vast multitudes, and with much complaint, and shall say unto thee, "fye upon thee, fye upon thee;" but thou shalt not be ashamed.

And thou shalt take the offerings of the rich Merchants, and the wealth of Tyre and of Sydon, and thou shalt scatter them over the face of the earth, and upon the great waters, and in the air; then all men shall be astonished, and many shall blame thee, but I will laud thy doings, I will exalt thy name without ceasing.

Day and night will I sing praises unto thee; Oh! lead me into thy secret places—bestow a resting place upon thy slave.

Fain would I bow me down and kiss thy hinder parts in testimony of my submission, but thy hinder parts are wanting; I would pour precious ointment on thy beard, but thou art without a chin. Glory be to thee great NOCHIN, for everlasting; thou art not of the children of men.

Should the whisperings of thy slave offend thee, MOST MIGHTY SULTAN! fet thy foot upon his neck, and crush him in the dust, that he may die in honour. Even in death would I glorify thee.

The pillars of thy power are in the remotest corners of the earth, and thy strength is in many mighty men. At thy right hand is DUNDASOPHAT the great Chieftain, and the High Priests, and the Elders.

The BURKITES also, and the JENKINSONITES, and the CANNINGITES fight for thee.

The ROSEITES and the STEELITES, and the REEVITES, and all the MAJORITITES uphold thee.

And is not LOUGHBOROAM the wise lawgiver on thy side?

The Captains of Fifties, and the Captains of Hundreds, and the Affociations, and the Corporations, support thee, MOST MAGNIFICENT SULTAN!

And those likewise who have pensions, and those who have places, and those who have titles, and all who wish for them, or expect them, give countenance unto thee. Who then shall dare to resist THY WILL: who shall speak of Reform, and not perish?

The VULPITES shall fly before thee, like the morning dew from the gales of the South; their numbers are reduced, they are faint with their losses, they shall soon be cut down, be dried up and wither.

SHERIDANEZOR shall be overthrown, and GREYHOIACHIM shall fall beside him, and none shall oppose thy progress.

But thou shalt come forth with sackbuts and psalteries, and all kinds of music, in the MAJESTY OF THY TRIUMPH.

The TOOKITES, the HARDITES, and the THELWALITES, with all the Children of Sedition, shall be smitten with the edge of the sword; their bodies shall be quartered, and their limbs shall be fixed upon the high places, as a warning to all Nations.

O that I had a tongue to utter the sentiments of my joy—O that I could make known to all men the fulness of my delight!

For the armies of Anarchy shall speedily be dispersed, the new Satan of Liberty shall be beaten down under our feet, and the KINGS OF THE EARTH shall revile him.

The PRESSES shall be broken, and burnt throughout the land, the reign of MYSTERY shall be restored, the impiety of REASON be at an end, and amongst the vulgar shall be ORDER, TRANQUILLITY, and—DESPAIR.

But the RICH and POWERFUL shall bless thee, and glorify that day, saying, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for now we are safe."

Deal with mankind as thou choolest, they were created for thy pleasure, THOU HEAVEN-BORN SULTAN!

Thy wisdom is beyond the wisdom of MAHOMET, thy greatness beyond his greatness; he shall become a Cypher in thy sight.

He shall recreate himself in the bowers of Paradise with the ONLY HOURI of his heart, he shall chase the wild stag on the banks of the Euphrates, whilst thou shalt govern in his stead.

And Thou shalt put Words into his Mouth, and he shall utter them, and they shall be of marvellous strange import, which peradventure, had he been left to himself, he would never have spoken.

For thou shalt persuade him to say that murder, rapine, and desolation, are just and necessary, and to call upon Providence for aid, TO EXTERMINATE A NATION, whilst the weak and disaffected shall marvel with many murmurs, and talk of a day of retribution.

But thou laughest to scorn all idle talkers, secure in the plenitude of thy power.

O SUBLIME PITTANDER! first created of Beings, how wonderful art is thy Memory!

For when it pleaseth thee, Thou canst Forget to Remember, or Remember to Forget!

But away with serious thoughts, my Sovereign! My Master! relax the sinews of thy mind, and enjoy the luxuries of life.

The splendid Banquet is prepared for thee in the Holy Wood, and DUNDASOPHAT awaits thee.

I will mix thee rich bowls of Sherbet, with opium and strong spices, and I will pour therein ABUNDANCE of WINE, when none shall see, and thou shalt drink thereof, and be exceeding glad.

When thou art DRUNK with the beverage of bliss, I will lay thee on a couch of roses, and leave thee to repose.

And I will watch all night in thy portal, lest harm should come unto thee.

On the morrow I will awaken thee with New Hymns of Delight—new Songs of ADORATION.

Mustapha.

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OF THE

SUBLINE STATION

Pittander

